

the real thing. "It will be worth just 87 cents."

"You and Oscar better get together," I replied, amid more laughter from the crowd.

"You must remember, my friend, that if we have free silver this country will be made the dumping ground for all the silver producing countries in the world."

"I suppose you'd be dead sore if a foreigner should dump a lot of silver in your yard?"

That was another question left unanswered, much to the delight of the crowd.

The insurance man being disposed of, a tall, lanky fellow, who looked as if he had been leaning over a fence all his life, now butted in. He began: "The trouble with you Democrats is you have a new issue every four years. First it was free trade, now it's free silver; the next time I suppose it'll be free love."

This made a hit for his side, and they cheered as if it was good for two bases.

"Did you ever hear of any love that wasn't free?" I asked; and the crowd broke loose worse than ever.

"No, my friend," I continued, "the next issue will not be free love, but free men. If we win you may be free yourself."

A big red-faced "guy" now took "Scissors" place. "You know very well," he said, angrily, "that if Bryan is elected we will have free trade."

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it? Don't you know if we have free trade we will buy everything abroad?"

"Well, really, I didn't know it till you told me, and I'm not sure of it now; but suppose we do, then what?"

"Then what? Great God, man, ain't you got any patriotism? If we buy \$1,000 worth of goods abroad the foreigner gets the \$1,000 and we get the goods, but if we buy here we have both the money and the goods." And he thought he'd made a killing.

"Oh, yes," I replied; "I never thought of that before. Now let's see. When you want your hair cut you go to a barber shop. The barber gets your quarter and you get your haircut. But if you are patriotic you stay at home and cut your own hair. Then you have your quarter, and your hair, and your haircut?"

I have heard noisy crowds before, but that one had them all beat to a frazzle. They yelled and danced and jeered like mad. Finally the red-faced geezer said: "Well, you just move on from in front of this doorway."

"I beg your pardon, sir," I replied; "I didn't know it was your doorway. Why didn't you order me away sooner?"

"Because I thought if you got rope enough you'd hang yourself."

"Yes?"

"Well, I'll bet you \$50 McKinley is elected."

"That don't prove anything, except you'd bet that way. The question is whether he ought to be elected."

"You're afraid to argue with him, Cruikshank," cried a voice in the crowd. Others took it up and amid jeers and cat-calls, with the big fellow fighting mad, the gathering broke up and I went into the hotel.

Several men followed and shook hands with me.

"You certainly raised hell with Cruikshank," said one.

"Which one was that?" I asked.

"The last one. He is chairman of the Republican county committee. They paid \$500 to get Billy Mason here to-night."

"You mean the man that told us to get away?"

"Yes; he owns the drug store we were in front of."

By that time I had got out my memorandum book and found the name of the firm I was to call on. As I did so a man inquired if I would be in town the next night.

"I guess not," I answered. "The first train goes north at 9:30 a. m. That's my meat." M. J. FOYER.

THE RESULT OF MAN-MADE LAWS.

A letter from R. T. Snedker to the Kansas City World, published in The World of Dec. 14.

In an otherwise well-written editorial on "Christmas for Poor Children," it is said: "Stop and consider this little girl's plea—this child of God's poor." That is a common error and a slander of the Just One. There are no God's poor children anywhere on earth.

Go with me to the forest and ask of the sweet songsters and gleeful barking squirrels: "What do you do for your poor on Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays?"

And their answer will be: "We have no poor among us. We are all fat or poor alike. No soup houses or poor houses for the workers. Only when Mother Earth fails are there any lean ones among us; and then we are all lean together! No one of our number fat and the others skin-poor."

Go to the prairie and mountain

range and ask of the wild horses and cattle, the buffalo, antelope and deer: "What do you do for your poor?"

And the answer ever is the same: "We have no poor among us. We follow the natural law. Each one enjoys what each one takes from Mother Earth. We are all rich or poor alike. Barring accident, there are no exceptions to the rule."

Go to the forests of Africa or South America and ask of the baboons, orang-outangs, chimpanzees or monkeys: "What do you do for your poor on holidays so as to keep them good the balance of the time?"

And the answer will always be: "We have no poor among us. Every day is a holiday. We take natural law as a guide for all our actions. No one can improve on God's law. Each one works for all he gets and gets all he works for, so there is nothing more for anyone to get. We do not force the ninety and nine to get up early and work hard all day gathering nuts and fruits, and at nightfall taking three-fourths of the daily earnings and giving them to one of our number so that he, without doing anything at all, could grow fat and strong, and we, weak and lean; the favored one, arrogant and despotic, we, humble and meek; the well fed without work, claiming to own the trees from which we gathered our food, while we had no right to their use, except by their consent and on their terms. No, we have no poor among us, but we all have equal rights to the use of the earth. That is the natural law."

But the "descendants of monkeys" cannot say so much. For among men, we controvert natural law, by denying men their natural right to the free and equal use of the earth. And in the distribution of the results of labor, this violation of human rights forces not ninety-and-nine to take three-fourths of their earnings and deliver them to one of their number, but in the case of 7,000,000 working families 1,800 are compelled to deliver three-fourths of their products to one of their number; and in the case of 7,000,000 more of the workers, 9,000 must take from their daily earnings and deposit them at the feet of one who does nothing at all.

In the face of such facts can we say: "God's poor?" Can any mind be so contorted as to conceive of an All Wise Intelligent Father constructing the human family on such lines as these?

If there are any poor people or poor children, it is because they are lazy and if so should not be fed; or laziness aside, if there are poor people they are man-made. "Give the devil his due," every time. God's law is right, but men in their ignorance will not take it as a guide.

Take the striking coal miners' case as an object lesson: What did the 150,000 striking anthracite coal miners want? They wanted to mine coal for the satisfaction of their wants and the wants of those dependent upon them.

Was there a scarcity of raw material? No. God in His wisdom, ages ago, placed abundance of coal in the earth to meet and satisfy the wants of men. Then why did not the miners produce coal? Because, under our man-made laws, Mr. Baer and his half-dozen associates had the power to monopolize all the anthracite coal and transportation. The miners were refused access to coal land, unless they would deliver to these monopolizers four bushels out of every five. This tribute to monopoly took from the producer of coal all he made except the poorest kind of a living.

Give these miners equal rights to the use of coal land and transportation, and there would be no poor miners or poor miners' children for some one to give Christmas presents to. The miners, like all other wealth-producers, would be able to buy presents for their own children, if we would stop robbing them by man-made laws.

But by our unjust distribution of wealth, based on our denial of man's equal right to the use of the earth, the store house from which must come everything that tends to satisfy the material wants of man, we have the children of 7,000,000 families who must have their Christmas made happy by charity.

Charity, how many crimes are committed in thy name! If we would follow natural law, if justice instead of charity, were given our fellows, the well-to-do would not be called on to donate Christmas presents to children of the poor in order to keep the parents contented with their lot, while we robbed them the ensuing year.

A Maiden, having learned a new Stitch, worked, while the weeks lengthened into months.

However, at least the Thing was done. "But what is it?" exclaimed the Maiden, in perplexity. "It is too small for an afghan and too large for a dolly."

And when, presently, she saw that the uncertainty was not unlikely to wear her young life out, she took alarm and repaired to a Soothsayer,

in the hope that he, deeply versed in the occult, might resolve her doubts.

The Soothsayer heard her Story with knitted brow. Then he drew her horoscope.

"It's a Christmas gift," said he, finally.

"Why, of course!" said the Maiden, with a great sigh of relief. "Why didn't I think of that?"

It was with a light heart that she paid the Soothsayer his Five Bucks and tripped away.—Puck.

BOOKS

WILLIAM MORRIS' DREAM OF JOHN BALL.

"There shall be more workers than the masters may set to work, so that men shall strive eagerly for leave to work; and when one says: I will sell my hours at such and such a price, then another will say: And I for so much less.

"Therefore, shall they sell themselves that they may live, as I told thee; and their hard need shall be their lord's easy livelihood.

"Nor shall any have plenty and surety of livelihood save those that shall sit by and look on while others labor; and these, I tell thee, shall be a many, so that they shall see to the making of all laws, and in their hands shall be all power, and the laborers shall think that they cannot do without these men that live by robbing them, and shall praise them and well nigh pray to them as ye pray to the saints, and the best worshiped man in the land shall be he who by forestalling and regretting hath gotten to him the most money.

"But the robbery they shall not see; for have I not told thee that they shall hold themselves to be free men. And their eyes shall be blinded to the robbing of themselves by others, because they shall hope in their souls that they may each live to rob others; and this shall be the very safeguard of all rule and law in those days."

"How mean you?" said John Ball: 'shall all men be villains again?'

"Good friend," said I, 'it shall not be so; all men shall be free, even as ye would have it; yet, as I say, few indeed shall have so much land as they can stand upon save by buying such a grace of their masters.'

"And now," said he, 'I wot not what thou sayest. I know a thrall, and he is his master's every hour, and never his own; and a villain I know, and whiles he is his own and whiles his lord's; and I know a free man, and he is his own always; but how shall he be his own if he have nought whereby to make his livelihood? Wonderful is this thou tellest of a free man with nought whereby to live!'

"This shall he do belike," said I; 'he shall sell himself, that is the labor that is in him, to the master that suffers him to work, and that master shall give to him from out of the wares he maketh enough to keep alive, and to beget children and nourish them till they be old enough to be sold like himself, and the residue shall the rich man keep to himself.'

"John Ball laughed aloud, and said: 'Well, I perceive we are not yet out of the land of riddles.'"

This was indeed too much for John Ball. He could understand acknowledged slavery, or thralldom, or villeinage, but he could not understand the combination of freedom and slavery. He, of the fourteenth century, dreaming of freedom and better times for the people, could not comprehend this queer riddle of six centuries ahead of him: How a man could call himself free, imagine himself free, and still be a slave!

Such is the theme of the wonderful little classic by William Morris, "A Dream of John Ball"—a story, if it may be called so,

told with the perfect art of one of the greatest writers of modern times. The long quotation above, gathered from here and there in its pages, will be a better introduction to it, for those who have not read it, than any words of a reviewer; and those who have read it will pardon having any part of it repeated and recalled for them, for the characteristic of a classic is that it bears reading and rereading. Indeed, the first reading of a real classic is frequently disappointing. It may be so with this little classic before us; but the more one reads it, the more will he see that it is a work of rarest genius, infused with the seer's insight and the scholar's learning.

It is well that the publishers (Longmans, Green & Co.) have issued it in an edition which is both attractive and cheap. We cannot but think they would do a further service by issuing a school edition supplied with a few verbal and historical notes, sufficient to put young readers in touch with the social movement during the last quarter of the fourteenth century, and to explain the archaic terms which the author has so cleverly interwoven.

J. H. DILLARD.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

—"Love Does It All; a 'Life' Story." By Ida Lemon Hildyard. "Life" Series. Boston: James H. West. Price, 50 cents.

—"Career and Conversation of John Swinton." By Robert Waters. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 56 Fifth ave. To be reviewed.

—"Usury; a Scriptural, Ethical and Economic View." By Calvin Elliott, (Millersburg, Ohio: The Anti-Usury League,) To be reviewed.

—"History of the French Revolution." By C. L. James. Chicago: Abe Isaack, Jr. Price in cloth \$1, in paper 50 cents. To be reviewed.

—"The Administration of Dependencies; a Study of the Evolution of the Federal Empire, with special reference to American Colonial Problems." By Alpheus H. Snow. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. To be reviewed.

—"Marked Severities in Philippine Warfare; an analysis of the Law and Facts bearing on the action and utterances of President Roosevelt and Secretary Root." By Moorfield Storey and Julian Codman, Pamphlet. Boston: Anti-Imperialist Committee, 23 Court St.

LITERARY NOTES.

The International Socialist Review for December publishes the lines for Socialist action in municipal affairs which have been suggested by a committee authorized for that purpose by the Socialist party. The kindred subject of the municipal programme of the Socialist party of Germany is treated by Ernest Untermann.

"To Thinkers, in any church or out of all churches," is the dedication of a "Swedenborg Perpetual Calendar," arranged by Julia A. Kellogg (Germantown, Pa.: Swedenborg Publishing Association. Price \$1.00). This calendar, in book form and attractively printed, furnishes a brief reading from the famous philosopher and seer, Emanuel Swedenborg, for every day of the year. The selections seem to be admirably adapted for such use, being of a character to produce calmness of spirit and elevation of thought.

The Free Trade Almanac for 1903 (Boston: American Free Trade League, 908 Pad-doch building. Price 5 cents) is an exceptionally effective document for the purposes of agitation against the protective tariff. It ought to be in every farmer's family, and it would be welcome there simply for its usefulness as an almanac. Its usefulness in other respects would soon be apparent. As it can be had in quantities for one dollar a hundred copies, no more inexpensive means of agitation could be desired by free traders who wish to propagate their doctrines.

The Fall issue of "Municipal Affairs" (New York: Committee on City Affairs of Reform Club, 50 Pine St. Price 50 cents; \$2 a year) is devoted to the housing problem. Housing conditions are described by Robert Hunter for the United States, Percy Ashley and Leticia Fisher for Eng-